

Ich Liebe Dich

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Prussia and Hungary go out for a few drinks. Hungary gets drunk and Prussia admits his feelings.

Status: ongoing

Published: 2011-02-20

Words: 2386

Rated: Fiction T - Language: English - Genre: Humor/Romance -
Characters: Hungary, Prussia - Reviews: 7 - Favs: 23 - Follows: 8

Original source: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/6761942/1/Ich-Liebe-Dich>

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Hey, I'm very happy to have finally finished this..XD. Thanks for e-mailing your story to me and I can't wait to read it I'm also gonna say that this doesn't come close to twenty pages, in fact, this is still kind of a work in progress. This is the first part of the story that is edited and ready to show. I'm still working on the other part.

Also, there is some swearing in this.. I usually don't swear in my stories, but this is Hungary and Prussia here..XD

"Liz!" Prussia yelled through Hungary's door. "Elizaveta!" No answer. Shrugging to himself, he walked in and plopped onto her couch, placing his feet on a coffee table in front of him.

Prussia sighed to himself. He really missed his best friend. Hungary never did anything anymore. She was always "too busy". But she never was. As a younger child she was a spitfire who hated work, but then again, that's when she thought she was a guy. After tonight, though, Prussia hopes to bring out some of that spitfire wild dude out of the woman.

Prussia sat there, starting to get bored. He made one more attempt. "Elizaveta!" his voice echoed slightly.

"What?" a voice yelled back. Success. Prussia smiled to himself. Footsteps echoed down the staircase. Hungary stood halfway down the stairs and crossed her arms. "What do you want?" Her Hungarian accent was thick with attitude. Prussia brushed it off and with a smirk and looked back. She was dressed casually with a pair of jeans, a green tee-shirt, a pink flower was tucked behind her right ear, and her brown hair hung low to her lower back. Looking at her, Prussia almost forgot what he was doing at her house in the first place; but, as always, his ego overpowered his manners.

"Being the awesome friend I am, I am taking you for a night around town. MY town." He grinned. Prussia stood up and walked around the couch.

"Your town? What's wrong with mine?" Hungary asked, shifting her weight.

"Ha! Your bars can't handle my stomach." Prussia patted his stomach.

"A bar? You want to take me to a bar?" Hungary sighed. Prussia nodded.

"What if I told you I don't drink?"

"Bullshit you don't drink." Prussia frowned. Hungary narrowed her eyes. He called her bluff. She locked her jaw. At this point, Prussia had her in a corner, and there was no way out. And he knew it.

Prussia gave a sly smirk and walked up the stairs. He stopped in front of her and put a hand on the side of her face.

"C'mon. I haven't hung out with you in ages. And I miss that wild child who I used to have fun with." Prussia said. Hungary gave him a sharp glare.

"Used to have fun with?" she repeated. "I still have fun."

"What? Smacking me with that damn pan?"

"Who said it had to be fun for you?" Hungary retorted with a short smile. Prussia rolled his eyes.

"C'mon Liz, I'm talking about REAL fun. Just one night."

"No, Gil, I'm way too busy." She brushed him off. There were the words Prussia didn't want to hear. But, unlike all the other times, he wasn't going to roll over and die. He isn't taking "too busy" anymore. Hungary turned and went to go back upstairs. Prussia grabbed her

wrist and pulled her down. Losing her balance, Hungary fell back. Prussia caught her and pulled her the rest of the way down. After a couple yells of protest, they got to the bottom, but Prussia didn't let go.

"What the hell! Let me go!" she struggled.

"Nope. Not until you agree to go."

"Screw you!" she said.

"As much as I want to, I'd rather convince you to go with me." Prussia laughed. Hungary elbowed him in the side for his first remark, but it didn't do much considering her position. After a couple minutes, she let out an annoyed huff and stopped struggling.

"Fine." She said through gritted teeth.

"What was that, Liz?" Prussia mused, knowing full well what she said.

"Fine, dammit! Let go of me!"

Prussia smirked and let her go. Hungary glared at him while she fixed her shirt.

"At least let me go dress better." Hungary turned back to the stairs.

"Liz! It's not a party, it's a bar. Let's go." Prussia pulled on her wrist again, taking her outside. Hungary stumbled after him.

Some few hours later, Prussia and Hungary entered a bar. Hungary found that Prussia was very well known in this particular bar by the amount of cheering and applauding he got upon entering. After everyone stopped, though, they went back to drinking. Making it a mental note to ask him about that later, Hungary sighed and in a low voice, she spoke to him.

"I still can't believe I let you talk me into doing this. I don't have the time to go out. I need to get working."

"Liz, don't be such a stick in the mud like that prissy piano prat Austria. You needed to get out of your house."

"Don't call him that, but I guess you're right."

"About Austria? You finally admit it! Ha!" Prussia pulled out a bar stool and sat down.

"No! Ugh, you'll never grow up." She groaned, taking one out as well.

"Yes, but that would mean I would have to take much more responsibility." Prussia grinned. Hungary rolled her eyes. Prussia ignored it and got the bartenders attention. Ordering a beer boot for himself and a regular bottle for Hungary, Prussia turned to her.

"How can you stand doing all of that work anyways? It's so boring, so... pointless almost."

"It's not pointless. It's the work that keeps my country safe from any invading countries. Its things like that that keeps my country still on the map." She said without thinking. She put a hand over her mouth as those words left her lips. Prussia visibly cringed. Although the disappearance of his country happened over 60 years ago, he was still somewhat scarred by the experience.

"I-I'm so sorry... I didn't mean it like that..." Hungary stumbled over her words.

"No. It's okay, I know you didn't mean it. No one ever does." He sighed. At that time, the orders came.

Prussia wrapped his hand around the glass boot and was about the chug it down when he caught Hungary staring in the corner of his eyes.

"What?" he asked.

"That's one order?" she asked.

"Oh yeah," he laughed loudly. "That's right. Your bars are too weak for the awesomeness of Beer Boots." Hungary made a sound that sounded like "mmph..." she turned her bottle up and drank it. Watching her drink it, Prussia couldn't help but smile at her.

She saw him and looked back at him. "What?"

Without hesitation, he laughed. "That was pathetic."

Hungary glared. "What was pathetic?"

"The way you drink. You, like, take slow drinks. That's not how you're supposed to drink beer." He explained, humor glinted in his voice.

"Fine, how are you supposed to drink then?" Hungary asked, starting to get annoyed.

"You're supposed to chug it." Prussia lifted his drink to his lips. The alcohol was down in 9 seconds flat. A couple of surrounding men clapped and yelled something in German.

"Yep, I downed twenty of these bad boys without any trouble." Prussia put the empty boot on the table and grinned. "Top that, Liz."

Hungary gave him a quick glance and said to him, "Give me one."

"What?"

"You heard me. I want one." She leaned forward onto the bar counter.

"Are you sure, Liz? I mean, by the looks of it, you're not that big of a drinker." Despite his worried outlook, Prussia was happy. This is the girl he wanted to see. Competitive, quick, snarky. That's who she really is, well, that's what Prussia wants to think.

"Yes, I'm sure. I'm not gonna let you sit there and gloat how you can drink more than I can."

"Alright. Don't blame me when you get drunk as hell." He said before calling the bartender for another boot. With one more glance towards Hungary, he asked. "Are you positive?"

"Yes, Gilbert, I am." She said as the bartender put the drink down in front of her. Hungary turned towards it and grinned, not looking scared at all.

"And... go!" Prussia yelled. Hungary grabbed the glass and chugged. She stopped a couple times for a breath, but she finished. Panting a little, she asked. "How long was that?"

"15 seconds. Not bad, for a girl." He added.

"For a girl? What's that supposed to mean?"

"Exactly what I said. For a girl, that's pretty good. But if you were a guy, which apparently you are not, that wasn't very good." He said.

Prussia was hitting all the right buttons on the Hungarian to get her to be the one that blows her top. Prussia wants that inner tomboy to show through that girly exterior that Austria placed on her.

"One more." She said.

Prussia was grinning ear to ear, much like a Cheshire cat. "Okay," he said, getting just one more. The bartender gave a wary look towards Hungary. Humans don't know that country embodiments exist. So, the only person bartender saw was a normal girl in her mid-twenties. Unconcerned, Hungary grabbed the glass and waited for Prussia's mark. When he said go, she downed the alcohol in 11 seconds. With a grin, Prussia patted her back.

"Impressive. I didn't think you had it in you."

"You don't know what I can do." She said.

"Well, then. How about a game of shots?"

"What?"

"Shots. You heard me."

"Yeah, I heard you, but why?"

"Cause."

"Just 'cause'?" Hungary laughed in disbelief.

"Yeah, why not?"

"Well, because that's hard liquor. I'm damn near drunk enough from those two Beer Boots alone."

"Oh, c'mon. You're fine."

"No, really I should go."

"Liz, we've barely been here a half an hour."

"Gilbert, no. I need to go." Hungary stood up to leave but Prussia caught her arm.

"Liz, please. Just one game. If I win, you stay. If you win, we'll see what happens then."

Hungary glared and quickly took away her arm. "Fine, ONE game only."

"Awesome." He grinned. Hungary rolled her eyes and sat down. The bartender grabbed twenty glasses and set them in front of the pair. He filled them up and waited for them to start. Prussia counted from three, and they downed the liquor. Neither of them had any problems. They kept going.

2... 3... 4... 5... 6... 7... 8. At this point, the two attracted a crowd. More than half the bar surrounded them.

9... 10... 11... 12. Hungary was starting to lose it. Her vision was wavering slightly, but she kept going.

13... 14... 15... 16. Prussia was a master drinker. No 16 shots could hold him down. Hungary on the other hand wasn't. She was really starting to mess up her vision with the alcohol. Now, she was starting to forget why she was even doing this game.

17... 18... 19... 20. Prussia was starting to feel a slight buzz. Hungary dropped her glass as she brought it to her mouth, signaling defeat. A roar from the crowd erupted in the bar. Many people patted Prussia on the back, but he ignored them. Prussia looked at Hungary, whose head was lying next to the empty glasses. A slight groan escaped her lips.

"Hey, are you okay?" Prussia asked, brushing her hair from her face. Hungary giggled, making her shoulders shudder.

"Liz, are you okay?" he asked again. Hungary sat up. "Yeah, I'm fine." She slurred, her speech was very bad even for a drunk person.

"Dammit. Sorry, I should have thought better. I, um, should probably get you out of here." Prussia pulled her off the stool and picked her up in his arms, and he carried her bridal style.

"What are you doing?" she asked, burying her head into his chest as they left the bar.

"Taking you to my house. Your hose is too far away." Prussia said.

"No, take me to my house."

"Liz, no. Its too far. My house is just a few blocks away."

Hungary squirmed in protest but she was too weak to really do anything. Prussia chuckled. *Don't even try, Ungarn.*

About 20 minutes later, Prussia was carrying Hungary up the stairs to the house owned by both Prussia and Germany. He knocked on the door, unable to open it.

"West!"

" *Bruder* ?" Vat is going on?" Germany asked opening the door.

"It's Lizzie, she's out of it. I need some help."

"Vat did you do?" Germany asked.

"I took her out for a few drinks. She didn't handle it too well."

"Hnn... *Bruder, Ungarn* isn't a heavy drinker like ve are. You need to be more careful."

"Yeah, yeah, West. I've heard it before." Prussia whined as he placed Hungary on their couch. Hungary moved slightly as he put her down. Germany brought in a blanket and put it on her. She pulled it up around her shoulders and within a few minutes, she fell asleep.

Germany stood up and went to go to sleep. "You should do the same, *Bruder* ."

"Nah, I'm okay. I just want to make sure she's okay in the morning."

Germany sighed. "Alright. Good Night."

"Night." Prussia called back to him. When Germany shut his bedroom door, Prussia stood up and pulled the covers off of Hungary, He pushed her forward just enough for him to squeeze behind her. Prussia wrapped his arms around her and kissed the back of her neck.

" *Ich liebe dich...* " he whispered into her ear. He fell asleep.

Translation:

Ungarn: Hungary in German

Bruder: Brother

Ich liebe dich: I love you